

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Eliza Symonds Bell, from October 23, 1890, to October 26, 1890, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Mrs. Alexander Melville Bell. Beinn Bhreagh, Victoria County, Cape Breton, N. S. Oct. 23rd 1890. My dear Mrs. Bell:

Thank you very much indeed for your nice long letter telling about your Canadian journey. I think you must indeed have enjoyed it very much. I was very much interested to hear about your old home at Tutelo Heights, it is very pleasant to hear of its being kept in such good order. It seems to me I remember every detail of it. It formed such a pretty setting to the warm loving welcome I received there as a bride thirteen long years ago. I always thought the breaking of the oat cake over my head that day, one of the prettiest things that ever happened to me, and I would not have missed it for a great deal. I wish we could have been with you at the Golden Wedding to hear Mr. Bell read his introduction and poem, and form part of the group of friends and relations around Mr. and Mrs. David Bell. I think both Alec and I felt rather homesick that day. Please tell Mr. Bell I think his verses look beautifully in their white and gold setting.

We are living here very quietly, but nevertheless we find the time pass all too quickly for all we want to do. Our only regret is that the weather is so desperately bad, we have only had two or three fine days sandwiched in between weeks of rain.

Sunday, Oct. 26th. I could not finish my letter the other evening, and since then three lovely days have kept us so much out-of-doors that I have had no time for letter writing. When we have lovely days here they are lovely, exactly what October days should be, mild and balmy with bright sunshine lighting up the gorgeous yellow and red of the land and deepening to intensity the blue of lake. During the day we have just enough wind

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to give a feeling of buoyancy to the atmosphere, but at sunset it dies down leaving the lake almost without a ripple. Then the sky is a mass of soft delicious color, and the moon glistens on the water and the trees are reflected as in a mirror. At such times Miss True and I take our oars and go rowing up and down the bay and around in the harbor, coming home warm and glowing to find our beautiful room filled with the soft warm glow of the firelight mingling with the silvery moonbeams. I felt last night as if I were in a picture sitting in the armchair with Daisy kneeling by my side, the firelight lighting up her face as she told me about the nice time she had had at Miss McCurdy's and of the gold paper crown and wonderful paper feather Miss McCurdy was making for our little play. The children, that is Daisy, Bertha and Roland, Ellis and Susie McCurdy are going to act King 'Volmer and Elsie sometime this week, and while the children study their parts we elders are busy making their costumes. Daisy is to be Elsie and Bertha the King.

Alec is busy and happy with his sheep, he is up the mountain with them every afternoon, overlooking the building of their winter quarters and enclosures. He says that we are to go to Elsie's rooms at the old MacAulay house tomorrow so as to be near the point, but I confess I rather dread leaving our comfortable quarters here at this season.

However a few days pass very quickly here. We have been quite gay lately. John A. McDonald our notorious representative at 3 Ottawa and his wife came to call and Alec kept them to dinner. Miss True remarked that "they were not very interesting people, but Mr. Bell would make a tombstone lively." Another evening Mr. Blanchard came, and last night we had Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, and their two children, and Alec had a good time playing the accompaniments to Mr. Ellis' flute. Then they went out on the verandah and played for the benefit of all Baddeck. I hope the people appreciated their treat.

Please forgive such an epistle, and believe me with much love to you, Mr. Bell and my cousins.

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Affectionately your daughter, Mabel.